

PETER STONE BROWN

August 15, 1996

Dear Lorena,

Thanks for your letter(s). The stuff employers put people through to get a job these days is to me simply unbelievable. I can understand two interviews (narrow down a choice and all that), but after that it's reached the point of beyond absurdity. My friend Tina (who designed the cover) just went through a similar thing (though not as preposterous as yours) and I couldn't believe that. It's a long way since the days when you went down had an interview and were called up the next day. This job sounds as if it would've been another insane situation for you, so while you needed the job, I'm glad you didn't get it, cause you don't need more insanity. (The spanking shit was the obvious sign to get the hell out.)

The Grushecky gig wasn't any big deal. I ain't no fan, but I'm sure you knew that. Gotta grab them "national act" gigs when ya can. The whole thing was poorly handled from the start, confirmed too late for good promotion, he was playing somewhere down the shore that got a lot more publicity, ticket prices were *too* high--I had friends that showed up and went whoa!--and ultimately no Bruce, no crowd. Someone sent me one of his records once, I wasn't impressed. I watched him for more than my tolerance level (which is pretty low these days) and his show got more ridiculous. I can't believe he's so obvious about being a Springsteen clone--and they're ugly too.

However, his soundman thought I was great.

Believe me, I have no great illusions about the album--not about the album itself or the music of course--actually I mean the business. Been in it too

long in all the various capacities for that. I just do what I do. Not that I don't want it to succeed or all of that. Of course I do. But I know the score. On the most philosophical level, I sent out to achieve something. I achieved it. Right now I'm expounding most of my energy in search of a booking agent. I really want to get a lot of the business aspects of this out from under me because it's a burden, morally and spiritually if ya know what I mean. I spent over a year intensely selling me and I need someone else to do that now. But at the same time, I've started taking the steps to keep doing it myself if I have to. But I do appreciate your thoughts and concern. It's a weird time for me right now.

Anyway, this summer went too fast again. Haven't been down the shore or swimming once. Every time I wanna do something it rains. And where's the heat? I mean where is it? Not that I love heat waves, but there's something sensual about heat and summer that I dig. Can't take the cold any more.

The Wallflowers are fucking great. I saw them when they first came out (right before their first album) and they blew me away. Jakob Dylan holds the guitar just like his Dad. He has that Dylan paranoia too--but he wants to make it on his own terms and he's right to distance himself. I think he should just say, yeah he's my father, so what? and get it the hell over with, but only God knows what it was like for him growing up. I'm sure it wasn't easy.

Other than that, I really don't go to shows much, don't listen much to anything new, unless someone turns me onto something. I got a new computer last June (with all the shit--the old one suddenly died, I think I told you) and in some ways it's been a great diversion.

Anyway, gotta go do whatever it is I'm supposed to do today though I'm not sure exactly what that is. Make lists for myself these days.

Thanks again, for the letter and keep writing. I'm always happy to hear from you.

Good luck with the job stuff and I think you're on the right track. It's just not worth it burning yourself out over bullshit and suckcess. Deep in your heart you always knew what was important and I think that's something that we shared despite everything else. Take care of yourself first. You helped to teach me that and I'll never forget it.

Love,